

The Newspaper Article

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Summary: Did Gabe and Jonas ever get to Elsewhere? You'll find out in my version of the ending for Lois Lowery's book, the Giver. I hope you like it.

The Newspaper Article

> <meta name="Generator"> The Giver

The Newspaper Article

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This is what I thought the ending to the Giver would be. It starts right when Lois Lowery's Jonas was climbing to the top of the hill with Gabe in his arms. I have to confess that this epilogue is not very good; in fact, it stinks. There are parts of this story when I use parts from the novel. I'm only using them to make things more clear. I am in no way trying to plagiarize Ms. Lowery.

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The sled was there, sitting on the hill while snowflakes drifted down on it. A ray of moonlight touched the runners making them glitter like gold. Jonas knew why it seemed so familiar. It was because it was his own memory. Clutching Gabe closely to him, he feebly tried to run towards the sled. It was a terrible mistake. He tripped suddenly over his own feet and fell, his head crashing down on the sled. As he lay on the cold, cold snow, wavering between unconsciousness and consciousness, Hopelessness finally settled in. It made him realize how foolish he had been to think that he could escape to Elsewhere. Now because of him, Gabe was going to die, frozen here on the hill. Perhaps he was already dead, for Jonas had not heard a sound from the boy while walking up here. What had ever made him want to leave the community?

What?

But, as soon as he asked that question to himself, he knew the answers.

Gabe's scheduled release, the Giver, having grandparents. But, most important of all, the chance of feeling more. The chance that Gabe could feel and learn to love; not have his emotions stifled by the colorless ways of the community. A surge of energy flew throughout his body as he realized what he had to do. He would get Gabe to Elsewhere, even if it meant dying in the process. He owed the child at least that much.

Slowly, Jonas managed to stand up. As he took his first step, an icy darkness crept into his head, making him off balanced. He fought from blacking out and, taking Gabe to him, sat down on the sled. Taking a deep breath, Jonas steadied himself and Gabe until they were seated securely and pushed.

They were off.

He forced his eyes open as they went downward, ever so quickly, sliding down the steep hill. The frigid air cut into his face, making his eyes tear up. Blinking rapidly to clear his vision, he nearly gasped in surprise. Though high up, he could make out several lights. Christmas lights. Red and blue, they twinkled brightly, penetrating through the dense forests of trees at the bottom. The lights, he knew, symbolized the joy and warmth that awaited them at their journey's end. It symbolized the family, the colors.... And love. He would finally find love. A small bubble of hope welled up inside of him as the sled continued its journey down the snow-covered mountain of a hill.

"We're going to make it, " he whispered anxiously to Gabriel, hoping to see some sign of life from the cold body in his arms. There was nothing. Not a whimper, a cry, or a giggle. Then, the unthinkable happened. Oblivious to the riders, a huge rock lay in the sled's path. Even if Jonas had seen it before, there was no way he could have diverted the sled in time. And so, as the rock ripped into the wooden sled, spewing the fragments all over the snow, Jonas did the only thing he could do.

He screamed.

As he was propelled by the force of the crash higher and higher into the air, he clutched his arms instinctively around Gabe hoping that the boy would stay in his arms. Unfortunately, that did not happen. Jonas felt Gabriel slip slowly out of his arms, and saw his inert body fall towards the ground below.

" Gabe!" he cried out. He should have held on tighter. Should of....

But then Jonas felt that he was starting to descend. Slowly, but surely, he was falling, and falling. And as the ground grew closer and bigger in his eyes, he curled up into a ball, hands over his head and

hit the ground.

The shock from the fall seemed to overwhelm him. The pain was so

great that all he could see was bright, red spots. His whole body was literally writhing in pain, and as he took a deep breath in to his lungs, he knew that something was terribly wrong. A little voice inside of him told him to give up. To succumb to unconsciousness, to leave the world behind. And at that moment in time, he would have if it had not been for the sound. Someone was crying. It sounded so familiar, yet somehow, alien to his ears. As if he knew the sound, but, then again, didn't. Strange. As he pushed aside the pain and contemplated these thoughts, the sound came again.

" Jo-o-onas," it wailed. " Jo-onas." And then Jonas knew who it was. _Gabe. It was Gabe._

" I'm coming Gabe!" he managed to croak out. Struggling to stand, he moved towards where he thought the sound was coming from.

" I'm coming," he whispered. " Don't worry, I'm coming." It became more of a chant than words that were supposed to reassure Gabe. It was helping to keep Jonas's mind off other things. Like the way his chest hurt whenever he breathed: it was like a sharp knife slicing into him, or the way his left arm dangled uselessly at his side. Or worse, the frightening fact that he might die.

The sound continued on growing more faint, and fainter until it died of completely. But, by then, Jonas could see him. Gabriel was curled up on a bed of snow, icy trails of tears glittering when moonlight happened to illuminate them. When he was close enough, he bent down, ignored the excruciating pain, and picked him up with his good hand. Then, Jonas felt his heart sink lower into his chest as he touched the cold body. Was Gabriel's calling of his name a figment of his imagination? Was the boy already..?

"Jonas," Gabe whispered. It was a statement, not a question and could barely be heard over the wind. Smiling, Jonas answered him, saying,

"I'm here, Gabe. Right here and I'm not going to leave you," in a gentle voice. As if answering in his own way, Gabe snuggled closer to him and yawned. He was alright, except for a few bruises on his head and arms. Strange, considering that he had fallen from the same height as Jonas. But that did not matter; he was alive and that was it.

Jonas had started to walk down the remaining part of the hill, when he was overcome by a fit of coughing. When the fit had subsided, he looked down and could see blood flaking the white snow. _He was coughing up blood._ He knew that if he didn't hurry, neither of them would make it. His chest had been hurting terribly, and more so since Gabe was resting on it. Still, he wasn't going to give up and continued.

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The rest of the way down was like a dream to him. He felt like he was floating along the snow, not walking. The lights, as they grew closer, grew more bright, until he had to shield his eyes in pain. But, as he shielded his eyes, he could hear people singing. ****Music****. It was what the Giver called hearing beyond. Oh, if only the Giver had come with him. Surely, this was more beautiful than all he had ever heard in his lifetime as a Receiver.

There was a house next to a tall pine tree. Being it the closest, Jonas stumbled toward it. The tree was wrapped in bright lights, red, green, and blue. Moving closer, he could see a small ornament hanging on a branch. He hesitantly turned it over to read the inscription. "All is Welcome," Jonas read out loud to Gabe. He looked up at the star lit sky, and as if receiving permission, took it off the tree. Pressing it to his heart, he reached the door, rang the bell, and collapsed.

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A week later

Fiona lay cold and shivering on the floor of her home. Clutching her head she whimpered as the memories washed over her.

" Mommy," the little girl said, standing over her with the other siblings. " Mommy, it's time to wake up. We made you some breakfast." But their mommy was cold, and her face strangely pale. The children knew she was in a deep sleep, but they were puzzled over the fact that her chest wasn't moving....

Fiona was so hungry. Her stomach kept sending excruciating spasms of pain throughout her body. The piece of dry, old crust that lay next to the Dumpster seemed so appetizing to her.

" No," Fiona protested. She did not want to see anymore of these... memories, but despite her protests, more came.

Sideways, spinning, the sled hit a bump in the hill and Fiona was jarred loose and thrown violently into the air. She fell with her legs under her, and could hear the crack of bone.

Now she saw another elephant emerge from the place where it had stood hidden in the trees. Very slowly it walked to the mutilated body and looked down. With its sinuous trunk, it stroked the huge corpse; then it reached up, broke some leafy branches with a snap, and draped them over the mass of torn thick flesh.

It was as if a hatchet lay lodged in her leg, slicing through each nerve with a hot blade.

Overwhelmed by pain, she lay there in the fearsome stench for hours, listened to the men and animals die, and learned what warfare meant.

Lying there in her agony, Fiona remembered the day that Jonas had stopped them from playing their game. Tears running down his cheeks, he stood there until most of the children had left. She remembered Asher's angry face as he yelled at Jonas for ruining their game. Jonas. What had become of him? She wondered. He knew what they were doing was wrong, and Asher, poor Asher, had stood up for something that was appalling and grisly. The memory of the boy soldier came back to her and she tried desperately to wipe the apparition of blood off her hands. But as soon as it disappeared, it came back, this time the blood of the Old she had already released. Then Fiona sobbed, and sobbed until the peaceful darkness came and enveloped her.

Lying on his warm bed, Jonas looked at the newspaper. He was glad

that Gabe was asleep next to him and could not see the pictures next to an article. It was an article about the community. Reading about it, he felt tears well up in his eyes.

Community Massacre

The community that claimed to the world to be perfect was burnt to the ground three nights ago. The people of the community, it seems, went on a destructive rampage, killing anyone or anything in their path. Witnesses say that they were being plagued by certain entities called "memories." The FBI was sent to check for survivors but was horrified to find that they had all committed suicide. The only person they found was a small, red haired girl, about the age of thirteen, hidden inside a large closet. She was not wounded in any way but suffered from extreme trauma. She was taken to Herman Hospital where she is presently in critical condition. The President had tried experimenting with the idea of Sameness and was devastated when he learned of the results. He is going to hold a press conference sometime in January to tell the people of his mistake.

End
file.